

THE LITERARY CASKET:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

VOL. I.

HARTFORD, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1826.

NO. 2

THE ESSAYIST.

[Original.]

A FRAGMENT.

Association of ideas, arising from objects of sight, is a source of pleasure. By the assistance of the imagination, every object upon which the eye fixes alternately, excites its peculiar, corresponding train of thought. In the moment of excitement, when the imagination kindles by the power of surrounding scenes, man is lost in the variety, and multiplicity of images, that pass before him, until he wakes from the reverie, the play of fancy, as from a delusive dream. Though it be difficult to show how the bustle, and gaiety of a spring morning, the enchanting radiance of a summer evening, the pensive hue of autumn, and the joyless brow of winter, each produced its peculiar emotion, and its different train of ideas; yet, the coldest bosom can witness its truth. The thrill of joy, the ecstasy of delight, and the cheerless, dubious accent, all clearly evince it. Sublime and beautiful scenes produce emotions of sublimity and beauty. The association produced by the picturesque beauty of the landscape, the torrent's roar, and the gentle undulation of the silver lake, strangely coincide with these different scenes. The man of a solitary, pensive mind, in his melancholly musings, finds a congenial kindred spirit mingling its sensibilities with his own, as he walks among the tombs. The monuments of dull marble appeal to his sensible, feeling heart. The grave is eloquence. How does the epitaph, "spelt by the unlettered muse" catch his passing eye and find access to his heart, as he pensive strolls along the green aisles of the silent, lonely church-yard. How do the fine sensibilities, and religious feelings of the soul awake as he leans on the tombs of departed friends, and reads the artless memorials of their worth inscribed by pious affections.

The last mellow ray of the declining sun, which plays upon the polished marble and the gentle zephyrs that sigh in melancholy music through the weeping willow, inspire his heart with a soothing, and pleasing sadness. No unchastened, unhallowed feeling breaks the associations, that elevate the soul and fill the heart with rapture.

As he slowly moves, or lightly treads upon the green turf, that covers the remains of some bosom friend, fond memory reverts to scenes that long since passed, and veiled by "time's oblivion," have been lost in forgetfulness, till this favoured moment.

There no intrusive stranger disturbs his meditations, no discordant notes of contention break upon the ear. He hears nothing but the soft murmurs of the near by rill, the gentle whispers of the evening gale, and the plaintive notes of the tuneful bird, that corals the requiem of departing day.

P. S.

We often imagine we love men in power; but interest alone is the true reason of our friendship for them: We espouse not their party to do them good, but from their hands to receive good.

"Knowledge forms the true dignity of Man."

Nothing has a greater tendency to elevate civilized man above the savage than knowledge. It is this which distinguishes him from the brute creation; this places angels in a higher scale of being than men; this, in conjunction with his other attributes renders the Almighty capable of governing the Universe in the wisest and best manner.

As one class of beings is distinguished from another by possessing a greater or less degree of knowledge; so distinction exist among men in the same manner. By knowledge, influence is extended and thus power is augmented. The adage, "Knowledge is power" which has often been reiterated, has its foundation in truth. As the importance of knowledge is so generally admitted, a few remarks concerning the manner of obtaining it may be conducive of important advantages.

The principal means of acquiring knowledge are observation and experience, reading and reflection. I intend not to enter into a metaphysical enquiry concerning the origin of our knowledge; whether from sensation or reflection, or from both; for a full investigation of this subject would transcend the limits of a short essay.

The human intellect is constituted capable of receiving impressions from external objects; and of arranging and combining these impressions; so as to form new ideas in the mind. But as such speculations are devoid of interest, while they have little or no practical application. I shall pass to a consideration of the means of acquiring knowledge. The first two mentioned, are experience and observation. Experience is regarded as the most infallible means of obtaining knowledge; for we are not easily deceived in regard to what we experience: or where facts are illustrated by experiment. For by this we ascertain that the air has weight, that it is an elastic fluid which presses equally in all directions. By experiment, Archimides discovered the method of determining the specific gravities of bodies.

It is pleasing to observe how highly elated this philosopher was, when a solution of this problem was within his reach. He had been employed by the king of Syracuse to investigate the metal of a golden crown which he suspected had been adulterated. He had laboured at the problem in vain, till one day entering the bath, he observed the water rose in proportion to the bulk of his body; he instantly perceived, that any other substance of equal size would have raised the water as much, tho' one of equal weight and less bulk could not have produced the same effect. As soon as he discovered that a solution of the problem was within his grasp, he was so transported with joy that he leaped from the bath, and ran through the streets crying out "EUREKA, EUREKA" "I have found it, I have found it." By experiment, also, Franklin discovered numerous electrical phenomena, and was thus enabled to draw down the lightning from the clouds. Indeed so numerous are the facts which may be learned from experience and observation that it would be a tedious task to enumerate them. By observation we obtain those ideas, which enter the mind through the sight; and this is the most perfect of all our senses. It extends to objects at the greatest distance and may be continued in action the greatest length of time without fatigue or satiety. To this we are indebted for the amazing discoveries of the height, magnitude and motion of the heavenly bodies. From the sight we derive all our knowledge of the arts and sciences, and to this we owe our most exquisite enjoyment.

But, he, who would become learned should resort to reading and reflection, as means employed with the greatest facility and advantage. For books are now so numerous and easily procured that they are in the hands of every one who has a taste for reading. Indeed the multiplication of books since the art of printing was

discovered has increased the number of superficial readers, and the variety of abridgements and compilations issued from the press at the present day, instead of facilitating the acquisition of knowledge has tended rather to retard its progress.

But this state of things is more desirable than that which existed in the earlier ages. Learning was then a much more rare and singular attainment; it cost more labor, though attended with greater rewards and higher distinctions than in modern times. It was then confined to a small number; it is now more generally diffused. The pre-eminence is now attained by a few only; mediocrity is attainable by all.—It is a fact which we wish not to conceal, that a taste for light reading is now by far too prevalent. To gratify this taste many books have been written which are unworthy a perusal. If the best books were selected, and perused attentively, and repeatedly, more profound scholars and better writers would appear than our country has yet produced.

"Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

If this course were pursued we should no longer hear the taunt; "Who reads an American book?" but our literature would be sought for, and our authors respected. Let then aspiring genius receive the smile of approbation and encouragement, and the tree of literature may yet grow with the tree of liberty, take deep root in our soil, and overshadow the nation with its branches.

A. K.

I am Mr. Editor, no dancer myself; but the enlivening nature of music; the beautiful and happy faces which smile around; the good order and regularity; and the free and friendly intercourse which prevail; possesses charms which I am not cold enough to resist, and renders a public ball to me, one of the most pleasing mental recreations.

Upon this subject, I am aware that there are differences of opinion. But I received my education in the land of "steady habits," where this kind of recreation is more indulged than any other; and I am clearly of opinion, that well regulated public balls, form the most healthful and rational species of amusement that young people can enjoy—that they are indeed essential to preserve the balance of society, to keep us from moroseness and hypocrisy on the one hand, and low and vulgar habits on the other. They have a tendency to promote a friendly intercourse and refinement—to improve the manners and to render us more affable and polite—to keep our young men from drinking clubs, shooting matches, and billiard and card tables—to preserve our young women from prudery, from street walking, and those habits of slander and back-biting, which always degrade the female character, under severe restraints, and the privation of well regulated social intercourse. The human race is formed for society—for cheerful enjoyment, not for monkish austerity. The order of the young should be regulated, but not suppressed. It appears to me therefore, that those who are opposed to the toleration of dancing, are actuated by mistaken views as to its tendency, or by the moroseness of spirit which will not allow to others what it cannot itself enjoy. But, Sir, although these are my sentiments, I would not compel any one who is too lazy or too conscientious to dance, to countenance this amusement by his presence, any more than I would deter others, who have sufficient "music in their souls," or activity in their persons, to enjoy the lively exercise and the cheerful intercourse which it inspires.—*Rural Repository.*

Literary Prizes.—The Editor of the New-York Mirror recently offered prizes to the amount of \$100, for literary productions. There were a number of competitors, and the prizes were distributed as follows:

To B. of New-York, for the best poem,	\$30
To Mrs. A. M. Welles of Boston, for 2d do.	20
To F. of New-York, for the best Moral Tale,	30
To Mrs. Harriet Muzvy, of do. for 2d best do.	20

THE MORALIST.

EARLY DEATH.

Wandering a few days since in the north part of this town, I, by accident, entered the grave-yard. It was romantic; and every thing seemed to participate of the silence of those who slept within its narrow bounds. None could view, with indifference, such a place as this; and though the impression there received might be evanescent and transient, yet, while meditating among the ruins that death had made, a feeling of our helplessness and dependence could not but find way to the most insensible heart. Here were gathered, in one small congregation, the vigor of youth and the feebleness of years—the bold blasphemer—and the humble and devout worshipper.

There was one humble stone that I could not but notice, because I had known something of the character of her whom it was to commemorate. When approaching it, the feeling of other years came over me, and I almost fancied I stood again among the scenes of my youth. It was a small black stone, unadorned and simple. But there was one thing that struck me forcibly, though years have rolled by since this frail memorial was erected to designate the grave—and that was the early age of twenty years inscribed upon it. The feelings are more solemn when bending over the grave of the young, than when standing by those of the aged. One has outlived his usefulness and hope—the other has just begun the journey, when every thing around him is smiling and joyous. So it was with her who was mouldering at my feet. The morning was bright and promising. The future seemed decked with flowers, which time only could wither and destroy. But the visions that fancy had so fondly reared, were soon destroyed—they were less stable than the mists of the morning—less to be depended on. The bow was bent that was to wing the arrow; and though thus early to be the victim, she was prepared to pass through the dark valley, by the host of all preparations—a pious life.

I could not stand by such a grave, unmoved; I had known something in early life of her goodness; and now, even now, can remember her, when health and joy were her attendants. But those scenes have passed away. The bridal torch was scarcely lighted before the damps of death extinguished it; and the songs of joy were followed too quickly by the sighs of mourning.

I lingered around this grave, for her husband was my friend, and could not but feel how uncertain human happiness is, and how often the dreams of fancy will cheat and delude us. When basking in the sunshine of prosperity, we cannot even discern a cloud in the horizon; we must hear the rattling of the thunder, or we do not fear the storm.

I returned home as the sun was sinking in the west, musing on the early grave of the wife of my friend. The subject was a melancholy one, but yet it was a pleasure to retrace the steps of youth, and gather, if it could be done, some instruction from the vicissitudes of that period.—*Providence Mirror.*

The Letters from Lord Byron to his mother, and which were deposited by the noble Lord in the hands of Mr. Dallas, and the publication of them suppressed by the Chancellor, have been brought forward in their original shape, without any mutilation, by Gallucci, in Paris.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Madame de Genlis' Memoirs contains the following singular narrative, on the authority of the late Marquis of Londonderry:

"Lady Eleanor Butler, now, [1778] about 28 years of age, was born in Dublin. An orphan from the cradle, and a rich, amiable and lovely heiress, her hand was sought by persons of the best families in Ireland, but she very early announced her repugnance to marriage. This taste of independence, which she never concealed, was in no respect injurious to her reputation; her behaviour was marked by perfect propriety; no woman was ever more remarkable for mildness, modesty, and all the virtues that embellish her sex. From earliest infancy she was the intimate friend of Miss Ponsoby; by singular coincidence of events which struck their imagination, they were both born at Dublin, in the same year and on the same day, and they became orphans at the same period. It was easy for them to fancy from this, that heaven had created them for each other; that it had destined them to consecrate their mutual existence to each other; and to perform the voyage of life, in the bosom of peace, of confidence, and of independence. Their sensibility enabled them to realize this illusion. Their friendship so increased with their age, that at seventeen, they mutually promised to preserve their liberty, and never to part from each other. They formed from that moment the plan of withdrawing from the world, and of fixing themselves forever in the profoundest solitude. Having heard of the charming landscape of Wales, they made a secret journey thither, in order to choose the place of their retreat. They arrived at Llangollen, and there found on the summit of a mountain, a little isolated cottage, of which the situation seemed to them delightful. There it was that they resolved to fix their abode. The guardians of the young fugitives, however, traced their steps and brought them back to Dublin. They declared they would return to their mountain as soon as they should have attained their majority. In fact at twenty-one, in spite of all the entreaties and arguments of their relatives, they quitted Ireland forever, and went to Llangollen. Miss Ponsoby is not rich, but Lady Eleanor possesses a considerable fortune. She purchased the little cottage of the peasants, and the land about the mountain, and built a house upon its site, of which the outside is extremely simple, but the interior of the greatest elegance. On the platform of the mountain, surrounding the cottage, are a court and a flower garden; a hedge of rose is the only fence of that rural habitation. A commodious carriage way was made in the mountain, for which the too rapid slope was remedied by art; on the top of the mountain, however, were allowed to remain some ancient firs of prodigious height; fruit trees were placed there, and in particular, a great number of cherry trees, which produce the finest cherries in England. The two friends still possess at the foot of the hill, a beautiful farm-house, and a kitchen garden. These two extraordinary persons, both of whom possess the most cultivated minds, and the most charming accomplishments, have lived in that solitude for seven years, without ever having slept out of it in a single instance. Nevertheless they are far from being reserved; they frequently pay visits to the neighbouring gentlemen's houses, and receive with equal politeness and kindness travellers who are either coming from or going to Ireland, and who are recommended to their attention by their friends."

HISTORY.

IRELAND.

Occupying a spot of earth, remarkable alike for its beauty and fertility, lying like an emerald jewel on the bosom of the ocean, the Irish people, ingenious, industrious, and enterprising, have, notwithstanding all these liberal advantages, been doomed to a life of proscription, poverty and dependence, from which common humanity revolts; and in consequence of which, England has called down upon herself the indignant astonishment of the soundest and wisest politicians of her own country, as well as of other nations. When she assented to the union with England, and surrendered the right of possessing a representative interest on her own soil, little did she dream of the suicidal consequences of that desperate act. She foresaw not, that by the act which expatriated her parliaments, she at the same time expatriated her nobility and her wealthy commoners, her land proprietors, her genius, her enterprise, her ambition—in a word, all the sinews of her intellectual strength, all the pillars of her moral character, all the guarantees of her political influence and integrity. Had she foreseen this appalling extent of her sacrifice, she would have rallied round her trembling institutions and rather have perished to deserve the admiration, than have survived the loss of her institutions, to receive the pity of mankind. It is scarcely too much to attribute the long series of evils, neglects and insults which she has since endured, to the desertion of her soil by the wealthy and noble possessors which closely followed on the heels of her parliaments. *Absenteeism*, as it has been termed, has drained off her wealth, and impoverished her in hope and spirit: it sits like an incubus upon the strength of her yeomanry; it falls like a blasting mildew on the verdure of her fields; it converts the valleys of fruitfulness and beauty into a barren and unsightly wilderness; it dims the clear azure of her firmament, and floats like a pestilential vapor through all the regions of her atmosphere. Instead of lifting their turrit roofs above the landscape in cheerful magnificence, and opening their liberal gates for the tenant of the soil, and the stranger to enter and partake of the festive hospitality; within her castles, lonely and deserted, over-run with dark grass and the creeping ivy, trembling with premature decay, afford a home only to birds which love the darkness of their ruins, and stand in the midst of the unheeded loveliness of nature, black and mouldering monuments of departed prosperity. The wealth drawn from the hard earnings of the oppressed peasant cherishes not the soil whence it sprang, nor the industrious hand which extracted it from the generous bosom of the earth; it is placed in requisition to gratify the unnatural taste and ignoble pride of its possessor in a land where the wrongs and wants of Ireland have few to mourn, and few to redress them. It brings back no return of moral or political bounty for Ireland—it swells the opulence and pampers the pride of other communities, unjustly leaving that community from which it is derived, the victims of ambition where there is no hope, and toil which offers no reward. Even the common privilege of education, that which in England is even forced upon the child of poverty and humility, it is to Ireland dealt out with a grudging and doubtful hand. Even the dignity of argument has been insulted by the creation of discussion as to the policy of suffering the destitute Irishman to acquire any of that knowledge which is scattered abroad by the lavish and discriminate liberality of the press. Ignorance and suffering are the destiny to which he is assigned by the policy of men who have adopted humanity or their creed, and who aspire to be ranked among the lights and adorners of the age and country which have given them existence—such is the fate to which he has been driven by the merciless course pursued towards him by that government which boasts of the protection which it affords him, and checks by the summary intervention of the bayonet or the hangman, even the slightest evidences of discontent under this unnatural order of things.

As if with a design to add another insult to the many already heaped upon Ireland, a writer has very recently started up to convince the people of Ireland

that the absence of their landlords, and the drain which is made upon Ireland of all its agricultural capital to supply their wants in other countries, are productive of no kind of ill effects to the prosperity of Ireland; but that her distress arises from the too rapid growth of her population, and that the best mode of checking it is to impose some restraint on this injudicious and injurious increase. Now, as we hold it to be a maxim which no sophistry can controvert, that any human policy which is founded on the abrogation of the great laws of nature is in itself unsound, and tending to an artificial state of society, we cannot but regard every effort of this character as one which ought to be cried down by the common consent of all liberal and intelligent politicians. If the population of Ireland were severed from the oppressive government of England, and placed in that relative situation in which commercial nations, in amity and intercourse with each other exist; if it were rescued from the mortal gripe of that code of oppressive laws which had its origin in the weakness or cowardice of those by whom it was enacted; if it had a patriotic interest in its own soil, the privilege of worshipping at its own altars, a government of its own selection, and a hearth and home sacred from the approach of legalized violence and protected power;—who under such circumstances will pretend to say that Ireland would be unable to sustain her population, without the interference of artificial remedies and theoretical restraints? The existence of a state government in harmony with the genius of the people, representing their voice, and conscientiously protecting their interests, would produce a change in their condition, which would add one more illustration of the great truth—that to protect the moral edifice of society, and to secure to it the profits of its own skill and industry, contain the essence of all good government; and that political institutions established and regulated on these principles, will be universally found to be the most permanent in their character, and most productive of happiness, prosperity, and power to a community. Such is not the government under which the hard destiny of Ireland has thrown her. She has no protection for her structure, she has no security for the industry of her children.—There is none of the high recompense of political station held out to her aspiring talent, unless it consents to purchase impure honours by apostasy from the faith which it loves, and on which it has been taught to rely for salvation. Following the religion of their fathers—a religion proscribed by the exclusive policy to which they are compelled to submit—her sons droop and decay under the blighting influence of a system of disqualification from which they have no way of escape but by surrendering the conviction of their own consciences, and, periling the peace of this world, and, as they believe, the prospect of another. This condition of things cannot be enduring. When there is a perpetual struggle between the people and the government to decide which shall commit the greatest enormities with impunity, what result is to be calculated on from so unnatural and criminal a competition? Such is the struggle which Ireland has for many years past presented to the astonished eye of Christendom. Driven to desperation by the tyranny which has been exercised towards her, it is natural that she should make resistance a matter of expedience, not a question of conscience. Prevented from reaping the harvests which she has sown, it cannot be a subject of surprise that she should seek other modes and means of subsistence, than such as her own original disposition, and the regulations of the social compact, will justify.—Plunder and aggression, will gradually occupy all the space which skill and industry once filled; unless some relaxation of the system hitherto adopted shall speedily manifest itself.

The government of England seems determined to keep the cord tightly drawn round the neck of her wretched dependent; and the only hope which remains to the latter is, that her oppressor may at length find her too costly a charge on the finances of the United Kingdom, to desire any further continuance of the Union, which was engendered in treachery, and consummated by treason; and out of which has grown such a monstrous progeny of evils to both countries—actual misery and want to the one—and political shame to the other. In the latest papers which have reached us, we have seen a hint thrown out that Ireland must be separated, before any alleviation of her moral or political situation can be expected. The sooner that separation takes place, the better—the better for the oppressor as well as the oppressed; for it can no more sub-

serve the interests of the former to hold the sovereignty of a country, in every county of which she is daily constrained to put down opposition by the sword, than it can ensure the happiness of the latter to see the habits of her children turned from the peaceful pursuits of industry, to the wandering and marauding character of the forest bandit, and the midnight incendiary.—*National Journal*.

NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

The natives of these islands are generally well made, and bear strong marks of activity and muscular vigour; they are in general somewhat larger than the Javanese, and bear some affinity in the features of their faces to the Malays; their noses are, however, more prominent; and their cheek bones not so high, nor their skins so dark. Their hair is of a jet black, made glossy by the constant application of cocoa-nut oil, as is the custom in all India, and drawn together and knotted at the top in the manner of the Malays. The women display great taste in the arrangement and decorations of their hair, which they secure with silver or golden bodkins, the heads of which are frequently composed of precious stones.

Great numbers of the Chinese reside in Manila; and it is to their proverbial industry, that Laconia owes a considerable part of her revenue. They cultivate the sugar cane and indigo plant, and manufacture them. They form some important branches of revenue, which increase under their management. A large proportion of the exports of the islands finds its way to the China market through their means, and the imports from that country are proportionally great; the streets are lined with their warehouses and shops, & filled with merchandise of various descriptions. Their simple mode of living, regulated by the most severe economy, insures them ultimate wealth, as their profits are great and certain.

The staple exports of Manila are sugar, indigo, coffee, and cotton; of the former the mean annual export of three years, ending in 1817, was seventy-five thousand piculs; and of indigo one thousand and sixty quintals were exported in 1817. The exportation of indigo has since greatly increased. The production of coffee is yet in its infancy, but is rapidly increasing. The cotton is of a fine silky texture, and very white, but of short staple. Some camphor and raw silk are also exported to the United States and Europe.

White's Voyage.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

It appears to be peculiarly the province of Mr. Cooper to rescue from oblivion the story of early American warfare. The last of the Mohicans is evidently another attempt to hold the Promethean torch to the annals of those times which it chills the blood even to think upon. This period of our history is immersed in an ocean of mystery. Little does the great mass of our population imagine, while enjoying all the blessings of civil, political, and religious liberty, that the very fields which now yearly fill the garner of our husbandmen with the richest products of industry, were once the scenes of slaughter and of carnage, unknown to other spheres; and that, too, in many instances, within the remembrance of man.

There are difficulties attendant on the study of Indian history, which embarrass the youthful mind, and dampen the energy of the scholar. One of the greatest, perhaps, as our author observes in his preface, is the utter confusion that pervades the names. "When, however, it is recollected," he continues, "that the Dutch, the English, and the French, each took a conqueror's liberty in this particular; that the natives themselves not only speak different languages, and even dialects of those languages, but that they are also fond of multiplying their appellations, the difficulty is more a matter of regret than of surprise." If to this be ad-

ded the mania of fashion, it may be said that we have summed up the cause of ignorance in this particular.—It is a fact that our youth know more of the language and the heroes of Europe, Asia, and Africa, three thousand years ago, than they do of the melodious strains of their native land, and the chieftains who spoke them on the eve of our political birth. But our readers will consider this a dereliction, and lest we weary them, we will return again to our subject.

The Last of the Mohicans, is, as its title imports, a narrative of 1757; but it partakes very little of the dull, dry, historical style. It is a picture of reality, it is true; but that picture contains all the glowing colours of fiction. It contains the tale

—of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes, the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe.

and all the other little *et cetera*, which are the property of romance. Were we allowed, from the cursory view that we have taken of this work, to pronounce upon its merits a more particular judgment than we have already given, we should say, at least, it bears the marks of genuine talent, and is highly creditable to the source from whence it emanates.—*Ecritoir*.

Two volumes of a splendid work, entitled "The Natural History of Mammalia," is publishing in Paris. It is in folio, with 240 original figures, drawn and coloured from living animals by Messrs. Geoffroy, St. Hilaire, and Frederick Cuvier. Fifty of these animals have never before been described by any naturalist.

The author of the fiction of Frankenstein, has in press a romance entitled "The Last Man." Frankenstein is a singular production, from the pen of Mrs. Shelly. He is a monster created by Promethian fire, and therefore has not feelings in common with the rest of the human race. This novel has been dramatised; the original is highly popular in France, and from the acknowledged talents of the authoress, we have no doubt that "The Last Man," will be a favorite with the admirers of the German school of romance.

A grand discovery has lately been made in French Literature. The manuscripts of the celebrated Huet, Bishop of Avanches, have been found at Caen. There is an immense correspondence, amounting to more than 20,000 letters, and carried on by him for near sixty years, with the greatest literary characters of his day male and female, such as Montausier, Bossuet, Fenelon, Flechier, Bochart, Lemoine, Mesdames, DeLafayette, De Scudery, Dacier, Lambert, Queen Christina of Sweden, and, besides his Latin letters to Graevius Vossius, Leibitz &c.

Professor Boukirski, member of the University of St. Petersburg, was to give, during the present winter, a course of public lectures in Russian, on Rhetoric, and Literature. This is the first time such a course has been given in that capital.

Law Tracts.—P. Thomson, of Washington, has in press, and will publish in the course of a few weeks, a collection of the tracts, essays, and correspondence on the improvement of our jurisprudence, which have been elicited by Mr. Sampson's well known discourse on the history of the common law. The volume will contain Mr. Sampson's Discourse, with a large and valuable correspondence from some of the most distinguished men of the age, as well as several tracts of great merit and interest, by learned and able lawyers and scholars, many of whom are now in high public stations.—*Athenaeum Magazine*.

Bibles.—The number of editions of the Bible at present in the library of the king of Wurtemberg, amounts to four thousand different editions in all the European languages; two hundred and ninety of which are in French, and two hundred and fifteen in English.

THE REPOSITORY.

(Original.)

It is thought as preposterous in this sceptical age, to fear the anathemas of those we may have injured, as to believe in ghosts and apparitions, and he would especially expose himself to ridicule, who, after having wronged a woman in love, should fear ought, for her imploring curses on his head. I am one of those who regret that the belief in supernatural appearances is exploded, and am so superstitious as to believe that well merited maledictions pronounced by an injured person on his oppressor, are very far from being trifles not worth regarding. An incident that occurred in a neighboring State, has not a little confirmed me in my opinion.

The parents of two persons whom I shall call Lothario and Eliza, were near neighbours and friends. Lothario and Eliza were, in their childhood playmates and companions, and as they grew up, the beauty of Eliza, her mild manners and excellent understanding made her an object worthy the love of Lothario. He, too, was a youth of uncommon beauty of person and gracefulness of manners, joined to a highly cultivated mind. They seemed born to be united and to make each other happy. Lothario had paid his addresses to Eliza, declared his love and was assured that his passion was reciprocated. Eliza's love was not of that transient kind which we sometimes feel, we know not why, and then forget, we know not wherefore, (and which is the only kind of love ever felt by those who make a jest of it,) but a rooted passion which took possession of her whole soul. She felt that to be near her lover was to be happy, to be absent, miserable. All who knew them, predicted much happiness in their union, for they had now fixed their wedding-day; dresses were prepared and all things ready to celebrate the nuptials.

A week before the appointed day, a young lady was seen standing before the door of the father of Lothario, at a very early hour. How or by what means she came there, has to this day remained a mystery. She was admitted into the house by Lothario; her manners and conversation, showed plainly that she had seen the best society and was familiar with its forms; her beauty was superior to most of her sex, and nothing but the manner in which she made her first *entree*, could be objected to her. Her beauty and captivating manners, fascinated at once the young Lothario, and in spite of engagements and vows he married the beautiful stranger on the day that should have united him to Eliza. The falsehood of Lothario was enough to unsettle even the well regulated mind of Eliza. Quite distracted, she repaired to the house of her deceitful lover and stood before him. She looked on him for a few moments in silence and her countenance showed plainly that anger and love, resentment and compassion were contending in her mind. At length she spoke; "Lothario, wickedness like yours, should not go unpunished. You have made my remaining days few, and those few, miserable. May you be made miserable by calamities through life, but may your soul be saved at last." She then left the house. A few days after, the tolling bell summoned the friends of Eliza, to see her remains deposited in the silent grave.

How much remorse has preyed upon the mind of Lothario it is impossible to know, but his countenance

bears testimony that he has felt the gnawings of the worm and the loss of ten children, who each attained the age of twelve years, together with the loss of his whole estate, by a series of misfortunes, are sufficient evidence that the maledictions of the injured Eliza have been visited upon him. Q.

INGRATITUDE.

"I am now going to relate a story consisting partly of misfortunes and partly of love."—BOCCACCIO.

The time at which our story commences was about the middle of the War of Independence, and the incidents are laid in the valley of R——, a beautiful and romantic spot.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

The house-keeper slowly went away to get some nostrum for his use; the miller went to the wood to gaze at the fight and burning Mill; where her uncle already was; whilst Ellen bent over the wounded man, whose head she held, and from whose large forehead she wiped away the blood, and parted the clotted locks of long dark hair.—As she stooped over him, a thought dawned on her mind that she had seen that countenance before; she drew a miniature from her bosom; the features there, were those of a lady on one side, and on the other a young man, but though altered by years, the resemblance was powerful, and she had been told they represented her deceased parents; a thousand feelings possessed her, and she hung trembling o'er the stranger, who was beginning to revive. At once some soldiers galloped to the door, and an officer with his sword in hand entered the room, whilst two soldiers led in Mr. Pattison; when the young soldier saw a lady he doffed his cap, looked a moment, and sprang forward, and a glance showed Ellen 'twas Alfred Clendinning.—"Ellen, dear Ellen," was his salutation, "ever good and kind, how am I surprised to find you here! and my brave commander?"—"Alfred," said Ellen, raising her eyes suffused with tears, "what a time is this, with the dying I fear before me." "I hope not! but stay," said the soldier, and issued in a loud voice, orders to search every where for the traitor Magoffin, whom the soldiers said they could not discover.—Ellen, however, told Alfred of his departure, and some of the party dashed on in hopeless pursuit. The soldiers guarded Pattison in the next room, on suspicion of a connexion with Magoffin, and the rest of the party soon arrived with the wounded and prisoners. Col. Vincent, for so was the wounded officer called, had now recovered from his lethargic state; he reclined on a couch provided for him, but his eyes left not Ellen's face for a moment; at length with a strong emotion, he grasped her hand, "Tell me," he said, "who are you?" the miniature hanging around her neck caught his eye, he gazed, "it is! it must be so! tell me, tell me, who you are; are not these features the counterpart of those?" said he, pointing from Ellen to the female miniature, "and my own features, are they not here portrayed?" gazing at the reverse, "for God's sake speak!"—Ellen trembled! "They are indeed" burst from her lips, "but I, am an orphan; my uncle"—"Where, where is he?" "In the next room," said the Lieutenant. "Bring him in!"—Alfred flew to obey the order—in a moment he returned with Pattison—on recollecting himself his fright had left him; he knew Magoffin had secured all the papers that could criminate him; the idea of safety gave him courage, and he advanced with undaunted front, but had the thunder of heaven burst over his head, and the fires of a wild volcano hissed at his feet, he could not have crouched with more dismay, than when he met the gaze of Col. Vincent, one glance sufficed—the Colonel was on his feet, fire flashed in his eyes, and his bright sword gleamed above his head, "Meet the reward of thy villany! meet the punishment of a villain." His right arm unheeding its wound, was raised aloft, but a feeble hand stayed its course; Ellen clung to it, and the sword fell harmless. His hand sought hers—"Speak, miscreant! need I ask it?—but speak!" Pattison's Breast heaved, and in a hollow tone he said, "She is your daughter!" and Ellen was clasped in the arms of a noble father.

That night Ellen heard from her father the story of his wrong—his parents had left the United States to

live in the West Indies; here he was born, settled in business, and married the girl of his choice, with whom he was happy and content. In the course of business he became acquainted with Pattison, an adventurer, poor, and friendless; he had taken him into his employ, into his house, and had extended him the hand of friendship and love—from nothing he had raised him to a respectable station and good prospects. When Ellen was two years old, and every thing seemed going on well, an insurrection broke out amongst the negro slaves, and the yellow fever at the same time made its appearance. Mr. Vincent was sufficiently rich; he had for some time contemplated returning to the land of his fathers, and for this purpose had considerably abridged his business, although doing it at this period to some disadvantage; he however, sold all his property, and chartering a vessel, prepared to start for the United States; when however, all was ready for the departure, his heart was torn with anguish, for his wife was taken with the fever. To detain the vessel was impossible; for they had already embarked, when sickness seized on the frame of her he so dearly loved, and she begged to be put on shore. He reposed every confidence in Pattison, but who then passed as Mr. Brown; to his charge he gave his fortune and his child, for death in all probability waited for it if taken to land. Receiving an acknowledgement from Brown for the amount under his charge, he left the ship—and from that day forward had never heard of this unprincipled miscreant. In a few days after being on shore his wife died, and he became the object of an attack of the same disease—after a tedious illness he recovered, and almost destitute, embraced the first offer for the United States, which was by an English brig; but the third day out, a French Frigate, which nation was at war with England, captured them and he was taken to France. After many long months of suffering and delay, he reached America again, but all his exertions were unable to discover the residence of Brown. When the war broke out, he entered the army, and had thus by chance, in the attempt to capture a traitor, discovered the object of the researches of past years—the papers he had taken so long before were still in his possession, treasured with anxious care. Ellen sighed and wept during her father's recital, and morn was breaking ere they parted. The proof against Pattison, for treason, was not sufficient to convict him; he returned his ill gotten wealth to its right owner, and went away a wretch despised by all, though it is believed that, like the traitor Arnold, for whom he was negotiating, he was enabled to live by the British gold. Lieut. Clendinning behaved gallantly during the war under her father's command, and Ellen eventually became his bride, and formed the source of his happiness, and soothed the declining years of her veteran father.

BIOGRAPHY.

(Original.)

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

JOHN LEDYARD.

John Ledyard was born at Groton in this state in 1749. He was the eldest son of Mr. John Ledyard, who was settled at Groton, and nephew of the Col Ledyard who so gallantly fell in the defence of Fort Griswold in 1781. In consequence of the death of his father, he was removed in his infancy to the family of his grandfather, who resided at Hartford, in which he was brought up and educated.

Young Ledyard early evinced that daring intrepidity, which so strongly marked his character in maturer age. Even while but a boy, instead of participating in the juvenile sports of his play-fellows, he was wont to resort to the forests in pursuit of game, attended only by his faithful dog; or perhaps more frequently to the water for fish, borne along in a canoe, in the management of which, he showed an uncommon degree of skill and fearlessness. His advantages for education, were, perhaps superior to the generality of the youth of his age, but it does not appear that they were turned to any ve-

ry extraordinary account. It ought not, however, from this to be inferred that his mind was incapable of easily receiving instruction; on the contrary, he is represented to have been an apt scholar, when he could be excited to diligence, but was generally too much engrossed with his schemes and enterprizes, to make much progress in his studies. Nothing could more completely absorb his whole attention, or give him greater delight, than to listen to the accounts of foreign countries related by mariners, or to hear descriptions of our own, then unexplored forests, from the aborigines. To hear the sailor describe the awful grandeur of a sea storm,—“the hair-breadth ‘scapes” from shipwrecks, was music to his soul. Thus, naturally fearless of danger, he early became enamoured of adventure.

In addition to these traits of character, he possessed, we are told, at the time of which we are now speaking, a disposition unusually benevolent and affectionate. This perhaps, at times, carried him beyond the bounds of prudence and strict justice. It is reported of him, rather than to have his cousin, whom he dearly loved, and whose nerves were not so tightly strung as his own, suffer a punishment which was to follow some transgression of which he had been guilty, that our young hero by assuming the guilt, generously volunteered to take with it the punishment. This incident, strange as it may appear, comes to us in a shape too authentic to be doubted, and affords an instance of affection or heroism, rarely to be met with.

Having passed through the usual courses taught in a common school, and made some proficiency in the higher branches of literature, young Ledyard, at the age of 17 was sent to Dartmouth College, then in its infancy, and which was under the Presidency of the late Doct. Wheelock. There was attached to this institution, a seminary for the education of Indian youth, and, at this time, it contained the flower of many of the northern and western tribes. The College was then literally located in a wilderness;—there could not, therefore, have been found for him a place more congenial to his feelings than this, nor one so well calculated to increase the ardor of a mind, already predisposed to leave “the dull pursuits of civil life,” and to engage in adventures of boldness and danger. Thus situated, it is no wonder if his collegiate studies were in a measure neglected, though, during his short abode there, his standing was respectable. But, most of his time was spent with his young Indian associates—in learning their different languages,—studying their several characters,—and in obtaining such information of the wilderness, as they were able to give. From these, and other causes, his knowledge of the Indian character and language, and of the geography of the western country, was surpassed by few, if by any, of his contemporaries.

After having resided at College about one year, he undertook a project,—at once bold and hazardous,—which strikingly evinced that peculiarity of his mind, which a few years were more fully to disclose. This was, to descend the Connecticut in a canoe, to visit his friends at Hartford. With this view, he purchased of some of the neighbouring Indians a long bark canoe, provided himself with skins, hunting and fishing implements; and without much, if any, food for subsistence, and without a shilling in his pocket, he embarked on this his first “voyage of discovery.” While his relations were supposing him engaged in his Collegiate studies, they were surprised at seeing him, dressed in an

Indian garb, mooring his boat at the bank of the little river, opposite their abode. When we consider the numerous cataracts which at that time impeded the navigation of the river,—the distance he alone propelled his little bark, which was over 150 miles,—and the country through which his course lay, uninhabited for a considerable part except by savages; and when we also take into the account his means of subsistence, and his age, which was short of eighteen—although we may not commend his prudence,—we cannot withhold our conviction, that his was a mind of no ordinary cast.

From what we have seen of his character thus far, we find that those singular traits, which so eminently distinguished him afterwards above most other men, were early observable. Even at this youthful age, we see him contemning danger,—inflexible in his purposes,—relying on his own powers,—impatient of delay,—and possessing a spirit of enterprize far beyond his years.

It does not appear, that after this incident, Ledyard again returned to College. Probably his friends, by this time, had learnt enough of the turn of his mind, to see the inutility of longer continuing him in this course of education. And either, because they wished him placed under their more immediate superintendence, or, to give him some employment, until a situation more congenial to his views and feelings should offer, we find him soon after, in compliance with their wishes, reading law in the office of his uncle, the Hon. Thomas Seymour. But, Coke and Bacon had few charms for a mind absorbed in schemes of enterprize and discovery. After a short time therefore, he discontinued the study, and was afterwards left pretty much to pursue any course of employment his own inclinations might dictate.

From this period, until 1775, Mr. Ledyard was not engaged in any settled occupation. He occasionally followed the seas, and made, during the time of which we are now speaking, a few voyages to the West Indies and to Europe. He did not, however, spend his time in idleness, or dissipation. When at home, he was storing his mind with the geographical knowledge of foreign countries, and otherwise maturing those plans which, it seems, he had long had in contemplation, for exploring some of the unknown regions of the globe. To prepare himself for this undertaking, his attention was often directed to the study of man,—but more particularly man in his natural, uncivilized state. We have before observed, that he early became considerably acquainted with the Indian language and habits. His enquiries were afterwards often directed to their farther attainment; so that, at this time, it is doubtful whether any man better understood their real character,—their motives of action,—or who was so well qualified to win their favor, and consequently to gain their protection.

[To be concluded in our next.]

MASONIC.

Masonry is as ancient as the work of nature; nevertheless, as far as it relates to us, it derives additional dignity and force from the authenticity of revelation.—In the forming of the society among men, which appears to have been originally both religious and civil, great regard has been given to the first knowledge of the God of nature, the one only living and true God;

and that acceptable service wherewith he is well pleased. From a firm belief in the existence of God, of one God, the Great Architect and Governor of the universe; and that there is no other than he who observes all our conduct; all civil ties and obligations have always been compacted, and thence have proceeded all the bonds which could unite mankind in social intercourse. For this reason the corner stone of the masonic edifice was at first, laid on the bosom of religion; and the institution, in the first stages of it, has been found among those nations, and these only who have believed in one God, and in the accountableness of man, as a moral agent, to that God, as his creator and moral governor.

Hence, it is clear, that the principles of the institution, so far as they respect morality and religion, are altogether reasonable; being conformable to the nature, the state, and the constitution of men. Indeed that Freemason who rests satisfied with any measure of good will to his fellow men, without doing every kind office within his power, to every man with whom he has to do, deviates from his path, and flies in the face of his own principles.

Hail! sacred Masonry, truly divine! which thus, by striking at the great root of our vices, selfishness and a disregard for others, would at once cure us of them all; and which, by directing us to make the precepts which it gives us, and the duties which it enjoins, the square to regulate our conduct, the compass within whose circle we must ever walk, and the plumbline of our rectitude and truth, would render us like the angels in heaven, who overflow with love and charity.

Having thus far stated the doctrines upon which the sacred order of Freemasonry is founded; we proceed to mention a few instances wherein the brethren of the craft are in a special manner called upon to practise them in their lives.

With respect to their civil deportment and conversation, they are bound to treat every man generously, openly, and fairly. They must accommodate themselves to the disposition of those with whom they have dealings; and not be froward and tenacious of their own humor; but treat every man with respect and kindness. When their own humor lies in the way of another, they should be apt to recede, and to give place, that there may be room for other men to exercise their judgment and fancy. In fact, no man ought to expect that the whole world will give way to his prejudice and caprice. There must be room for others humor as well as our own. In the Masonic Society, those who want this complaisance, are like irregular stones in a building, which are rough and full of corners; they take up more room than they fill; others cannot lie near them till they are squared and polished; so men of a froward disposition and perverse humor are unfit to become members of a Lodge of Masons, till the asperities of their nature are taken off by that philosophy which is taught in the school of Freemasonry.—*Masonic Escriitoir.*

Masonry is said to be in a flourishing condition in the State of Delaware, which is apparent from the fact that within a little more than a year, no less than four Lodges have been installed within the very limited jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Delaware.

Virtue without talent, is a coat of mail, without a sword; it may indeed defend the wearer but will not enable him to protect his friend.—*Laron.*

LITERARY VARIETY.

American Literature.—During the last three months, two hundred and thirty-three volumes have issued from the American Press, independent of the periodical publications. Of this number, one hundred and thirty-seven are original, and ninety-six have been re-printed from foreign editions of the same works.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN FRANCE.

In Paris the Royal Library has above 700,000 printed volumes and 70,000 manuscripts; the Library Monsieur, 150,000 printed volumes and 5,000 manuscripts; the Library St. Genevieve, 110,000 printed volumes and 2,000 manuscripts; the Mazarine Library, 92,000 printed volumes and 3,000 manuscripts; the Library of the City of Paris 20,000 volumes. *All these are daily open to the public!* In the departments, there are twenty-five public libraries, with above 1,700,000 volumes; of which Aix has 72,670; Marseilles, 31,500; Toulouse, 30,000; Bordeaux, 100,000; Tours 30,000; Lyons 106,000; Versailles, 40,000; & Amiens, 40,000. In the Royal Library at Paris, there are several uncollocated manuscripts of the Scriptures.—*U. S. Lit. Gaz.*

The London Literary Gazette, of the 24th December, says—We have been frequently asked, "is it true that Sir Walter Scott is writing the *Life of Bonaparte*?" to which we can certainly reply that he is; that the work well advanced and that it will probably be ready for publication about the end of next Autumn. And that is written in a fine vein of philosophical impartiality, and breathes throughout the most perfect candour and good temper. The style is also spoken of as being carefully attended to, and a chaste example of historical excellence."

Among the Scandinavian barbarians, it was deemed the highest point of felicity, that they should, in the future state, be seated in the hall of Odin, and there get intoxicated by quaffing strong liquors from the skulls of those over whom they had triumphed in battle.

The Italian poet Marino, to whom Milton owes not a few of the splendid situations in *Paradise Lost*, makes conclave of friends in Pandemonium, quaff wine from the pericranium of Minerva Mandeville relates that, the old Guebres exposed the dead bodies of their parents to the fowls of the air, reserving only the skulls, of which he says, "the son maketh a cuppe, and therefrom drynkethe he with gret devotion."

The popular poetry of Spain is especially interesting, because it is truly national. Its influence has, perhaps, served more than any other circumstance to preserve, from age to age, the peculiar characteristics of the Spanish nation. Their language, their habitual thoughts and feelings, their very existence, have all borrowed the hues of their romantic songs. The immorality of their poets is not alone in their recollections, or the affections, of the people, but in their every day pursuits, enjoyments, and cares. All events have combined to create this character. The haughty orientalism of the Mussulman, and the rude struggles of the ardent and courageous adventurers for freedom,—the night-errantry of the chivalric ages,—the music of the troubadours,—all in action among high mountains, mighty streams, the surrounding sea, the unclouded heaven, and conveyed through a language singularly poetical and sonorous, have created the love, and the practice, of romantic song, throughout the Peninsula, and stamped, indelibly, a distinguishing impress upon its universal mind.

When the narrow range of these compositions is considered, their variety, as well as their simplicity, will excite admiration. The poet in Spain is no heir of creation, calling "the world—the world!" his own. His enthusiasm is fettered by civil and religious despotism: all the sublimer aspirations of his genius are suppressed. It is strange he should have done so much when he could do nothing without fear and awe; and the inquirer asks, What might he not have done if the highest and noblest themes of song had not been banned and barred to his imagination?

Mr. Carter, upon his arrival at Kendal, visited St. Mary's church, "an antique, oddly shaped, but venerable structure, the chief interest of which is derived from having been once minutely described by the poet Gray." It contains the remains of Catharine Parr, one of the wives of Henry VIII. In the pavement within

the altar, is the following quaint and curious epitaph on Mr. Ralph Tyrer, vicar of Kendal, written by himself.—*[Argus.]*

"London bred mee—Westminster fed mee,
Cambridge sped mee—my sister wed mee,
Study taught mee—living sought mee,
Learning brought mee—Kendal caught mee,
Labour pressed mee—sickness distressed mee,
Death oppressed mee—the grave possessed mee,
God first gave mee—Christ did save mee,
Earth did crave mee—and heaven would have mee."

SCIENTIFIC.

ELECTRIC PHENOMENON.

A new feather bed was put into a cold and damp room, and a person incautiously went to sleep in it, without the precaution of having had a fire in the room. During the day, to remove the dampness. Scarcely had he been ten minutes in bed, when he fancied he saw light issuing from his eyes. For this supposition, he had the best possible reason, as, from the situation of the room, there was not the least cranny or opening at which light could be supposed to enter, the doors and windows being completely shut and fastened. He paid no attention to this circumstance at first, thinking it was the effect of mere imagination. He had like, however, to have paid dearly for his temerity. Feeling rather chilly, owing to the state of the room, he put his head under his bed-clothes to increase his warmth. He had not continued longer than five minutes in this situation, when, on removing his head from under them, he suddenly felt as it were, a severe blow on his shoulders, neck, and head, and the pain seemed to run along the spine; at the same moment a blue flame flashed from his eyes, and a permanent circle of lambent light appeared to eradicate their sockets. Perfectly certain that no person was in the room but himself, he sat up in bed for a moment to reflect on the cause; as the light continued to flow from his eyes, he immediately recollected that the bed and pillows consisted of new feathers, and that they might be in a highly electric state, and the shock he had received must have been from them. No sooner had he formed that conjecture, but he leaped on the floor, and found it verified; the light in his eyes gradually diminished, and before five minutes had passed it was totally gone. Having no desire to repeat the experiment that night, he went to another room for the remainder of the evening. Some nights afterwards, when a fire had been introduced into the room where the phenomenon took place, and matters had been comfortably arranged, he went to bed as before, and, surprising to relate, he experienced the same results. He had now no doubt of the facts, and he was convinced that the shocks he had received were owing to the electric state of the feathers in the bed, as they were precisely similar to those he remembered having received from an electrical machine, or a Leyden jar.—*Glasgow Chron.*

RAIL ROADS.

The Philadelphia United States Gazette contains "a description of the Hetton Rail Road in England, by Wm. Strickland, Esq. Engineer," accompanied with a general view of the ascent and descent of the road.—It is over an undulating or hilly country, extending from the Hetton collieries to the town of Sunderland, on the river Weir, a distance of seven miles and five furlongs. It has an ascent of 266 feet, and a series of descents equal to 545 feet, making 812 feet of elevation and depression, overcome by a series of levels and inclined

planes. The first portion of the road from the pit to the foot of the ascending plane is one mile seven and a half furlongs in length, and its general descent is one ninth of an inch to the yard. A single loco-motive engine on this road, has made "nine goits, equal to thirty-five miles forwards and returning," having 24 wagons in train and carrying 600 tons, in one day. Stationary reciprocating engines are placed at the summits of the inclined planes, which draw up the wagons each way, at the rate of nine miles an hour, and also lower them upon a level by means of ropes. When they reach an ascent or descent the ropes of the next reciprocating engine are attached. On one of the inclined planes the ropes are upwards of two miles in length, being supported from the soil of the road by light cast iron rollers, 40 or 50 feet apart, in the centre of the way between the rails. Where the road deviates from a straight line or winds to the right or left the rollers are placed in nearly a vertical direction, in order to keep the line of draught midway.

The rails are made of cast iron, four feet in length.—The loco-motive engines are of thick sheet iron; on the high pressure principle; and are only made to ply on level roads. The ascent and descent is performed by the reciprocating engines altogether. The loco-motive engine is of 12 horse power, weighing 5 tons, and cost in England £600.

HINT TO VARNISH MANUFACTURERS.—Sir, a thought lately struck me, that a strong iron vessel, something like Mr. Perkin's steam generator but much less, might be advantageously employed in the manufacturing of Varnish. Amber and copal make the best hard varnish, but they are exceedingly difficult to dissolve, owing to their requiring a greater heat than turpentine or spirits of wine will bear without evaporating. The latter, indeed, is so volatile that I do not believe they were ever dissolved, in it alone; and it is said, that only two or three persons in this country can make copal varnish properly.

As water, when confined, can be heated to almost any degree, I see no obstacle to hinder us from heating the usual menstrua of varnish in the same manner.—They are more volatile, but we have only to make the vessel stronger. The gums no doubt, would be better for being crushed and mixed with spirits, before they were put into the vessel.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

A mode of breaking blocks of large Limestone by heat.—In the lime-works which occupy the edges of the great sub-carboniferous limestone district of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, and various other places, it has long been the practice of the quarriers, after having, by partially detaching and undermining, and the driving of wedges, or by the help of blast of gunpowder, brought down from the face of the quarry large blocks of limestone on to the floor of the quarry, to there make a small fire on the top of each block; this is usually done previously to leaving work at night; a small quantity of pit coals, from a quarter to a half or three fourths of a peck, according to the size of a block, is laid and piled up conically on a little dry wood, upon a flat part of the block of limestone (which block sometimes requires partially turning by levers, to bring a flat part upwards) and on leaving work, the wood is lighted, and the fires are left burning; after a while, the blocks of stone suddenly burst with loud explosions, and crack open, diverging from the fires, which usually cause the blocks in large fragments to fall quietly around the spot; but sometimes smaller fragments are dangerously projected to considerable distances; which danger, and the avoiding of delay, are the reasons for seldom lighting fires but on leaving work at night.—*London Mech. Journal.*

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THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1826.

The Biography of Ledyard, on our twelfth page, will be found an interesting memoir. It is we believe, the best sketch that has ever been published of the life of this celebrated traveller, who equally despised the dangers of the frigid and torrid zone, and with a resolution that no difficulties could overcome, traversed the wastes of Siberia, and attempted to penetrate the deserts of Africa. Our correspondent will please accept our thanks for this production, and a hope that he will furnish us with frequent communications.

Those Editors who have so friendly noticed the first No. of the Casket, are entitled to our thanks, and should an opportunity offer, we will with pleasure reciprocate the favour.

We have introduced into this No. of the Casket, an article under the head of "MASONRY," and it is our intention to give in every succeeding number, something useful under this head. Well-written communications, calculated to give "more light" on this subject, will find ready admission.

* Agents for this paper are respectfully requested to make immediate returns of the names of those persons who may have become subscribers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G." is received and under consideration.
The friendly hints of "A Subscriber," will receive attention.

A number of Communications on file.
"ANON" will appear in our next.

We think that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits it, augmented, by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little Dialogues on Political Economy, could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn

more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilized people is poetical.—*Littell's Museum.*

VARIETY.

Our Wants.—Dr. Parr was of opinion that a man's happiness was secure in proportion to the small number of his wants, and said, that all his life time, it had been his object to prevent the multiplication of them in himself. Some one said to him, "Then, Sir, your secret of happiness is, to cut down your wants." Parr replied, "No, Sir, my secret is, not to let them grow."

A barrister entered the hall with his wig very much awry, and of which not at all apprised, he was obliged to endure from almost every observer some remark on its appearance, till at last addressing himself to Mr. Curran, he asked him, "do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" The answer instantly was, "nothing but the head."

The highest human wisdom is to foresee and prevent misfortune; the next degree is to make the best of it when unavoidable.

Francis I. having asked Castielan, bishop of Orleans, whether he was of noble extraction: "Sire," replied he, "Noah had three sons with him in the Ark, I cannot say from which of them I am descended."

Burke.—The conversation of Burke must have been, (says Mr. Moore) like the procession of a roman triumph, exhibiting power and riches at every step—occasionally, perhaps, mingling the low Fescanine jest with the lofty music of its march, but glittering all over with the spoils of the whole ransacked world.

The philosopher Bias being in a vessel with a set of criminals, who, during a storm, invoked the assistance of the gods, desired them to be silent, that the gods might not know there were such people on board!

Distressing Omission. At a recent Corporation dinner, in a neighbouring city, one of the visitors, who has distinguished himself no less in the field of battle than in the Senate, appropriately proposed a toast—"May the man who lost one eye in the service of his country never see distress with the other;" but the person whose duty it was to announce the toast to the company, omitting the word "distress," completely altered the meaning of the sentiment, and caused no small degree of merriment by the blunder.

A Virginian once said of a member of Congress from that state, that he had "a mind as pure as ether, and as vast as infinitude."

But it is left for the poet "Correy," to bear away the palm completely from these rhyme-quacks of the Parnassian grove. In a beautiful eulogium to Gen. Washington, he said: "He their armies took, their generals captives led—Having surrounded their camp with roaring cannon, he made them abominably afraid."

A wag seeing a rich widow pass by, said they were the only second-hand article that sold at prime cost.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,
Selected from the latest Literary Works.

A new work on Greece is on the eve of publication, which may be expected to exhibit a true and decisive picture of that interesting country; not only as respects its actual political condition, but also in regard to the character, manners, and habits of the people. The work is to be entitled "Greece in 1825." It will contain the Journals of James Emerson, Esq. Count Pecchio, and W. H. Humphreys, Esq. all of whom were actively engaged in the late important proceedings. Mr. Emerson was concerned, not only in the land service, but in some of the naval engagements between the Greeks and their enemies, of which he gives vivid descriptions. His Journal is brought down as late as to last August; and in it will be found, among other interesting details, a circumstantial narrative of the attempt to assassinate Mr. Trelawney. Count Pecchio was a commissioner authorized by the Greek deputies; his narrative is known to possess the importance of an historical document, and is rendered additionally valuable by its incidental sketches of the scenery of Greece. Mr. Humphreys held a captain's command in the Greek service, and has been honorably mentioned in the work of Col. Stanhope, and in the letters of Lord Byron.

Mr. Power has announced a new edition of Moore's Irish Melodies, in separate songs, with the music.

A Work under the title of "The Reign of Terror," is on the eve of publication. It contains a collection of authentic narratives by eye-witnesses of the horrors committed by the Revolutionary Government of France under Marat and Robespierre.

The second volume of Southey's History of the late War in Spain and Portugal is in the press.

An important work, entitled "Mexican Memoirs," is announced, the purport of which is to afford an authentic History of Mexico, and a circumstantial account of every thing connected with that country.

New Waverley Novel.—The new novel by the author of Waverley was announced in London to appear in January. Its title is "Woodstock, or a Tale of the Long Parliament."

The Expiation.—The author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life" has announced a novel under this name.

The New American Grammar of the Elements of Astronomy, on an improved Plan; in three Books. The whole systematically arranged and scientifically illustrated; with several Cuts and Engravings; and adapted to the Instruction of Youth in Schools and Academies. By James Ryan. 1825. 12mo. pp. 375. New York. James Ryan.

Changing Scenes, containing a Description of Men and Manners of the present Day, with Humorous Details of the Knickerbockers. By a Lady of New York. 2 vols. 12mo. New York.

The Spirits of Odin, or the Father's Curse; a Novel. 2 vols 12mo.

Johnson's Digest.—Mr. F. F. Backus, of Albany, has just published in two octavo volumes, *A Digest of the Cases decided and reported in the Supreme Court of Judicature, the Court of Chancery, and the Court for the Correction of Errors.*—by William Johnson, the former Reporter of the Decisions of the New York Courts.

PREMIUMS.

To give encouragement to genius, the Publishers of the LITERARY CASKET, hereby offer a Premium of \$10, or a piece of Plate of that value, for the best original MORAL TALE, and \$10 for the best original POEM, to be published in the Casket.

A select Committee will be appointed to judge of the merits of the respective pieces offered, which must be presented on or before the 25th April.

Candidates will please enclose their names in a separate envelope, in letters post-paid, by the above time, addressed to the Publishers of the Casket.

THE WREATH.

A FRAGMENT.

She had wept o'er earth—
Her sun light hours had fled,
And nature wearied with the tempest
Which overtakes misfortune's Child,
Waited to rest its burthens in
That sweet receptacle of human woe,
Where sleeps oppression.—
Oh! there was a sweetness round
That brow of hers—so meek and so
Unearthly—that it seemed as if an
"Angel's Spirit" lighted her wearied
Heart. A "brighter Star" was
Never seen to deck the coronet of Beauty.
I have gazed upon its parting radiance—
It has set to rise no more on earth.

H.

AGRICULTURAL HYMN.

Great God of Eden! 'twas thy hand
That first clad earth in bloom,
And shed upon a smiling land
Nature's first rich perfume:
Fresh from thy glance the flowers sprang
Kiss'd by the sun's first rays—
While plain and hill and valley rang
With life and joy and praise.

God of the Clouds! Thy hand can ope
The fountains of the sky,
And on th' expectant, thirsty crop
Pour down the rich supply.
The farmer, when the seed time's o'er,
Joys in the mercies given—
Thinks on thy promis'd harvest's store,
And smiling, looks to Heaven.

God of the Sheaf! To thee alone
Are due our thanks and praise;
When harvest's grateful labor's done,
On Plenty glad we gaze.
Then shall our hearts on Heaven rest,
Thy grace we will adore,
And thank that God whose mercies blest
Our basket and our store.

MELANCHOLY.

The sun of the morning,
Unclouded and bright,
The landscape adorning
With lustre and light,
To glory and gladness
New bliss may impart,
But, oh! give to sadness
And softness a heart—

A moment to ponder—a season to grieve,
The light of the moon, or the shadows of eve!

Then soothing reflections
Awake to the mind,
And sweet recollections
Of friends who were kind;
Of love that was tender,
And yet could delay—
Of visions whose splendour
Time withered away:

In all that for brightness and beauty may seem
The painting of fancy, the work of a dream!

The soft cloud of lightness,
The stars beaming through—
The pure moon of brightness,
The deep sky of blue—
The rush of the river
Through vales that are still—
The breezes that ever
Sigh lone o'er the hill,—

Are sounds that can soften, and sights that impart
A bliss to the eye, and a balm to the heart.

A CLOUD.

[BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.]

Yon cloud—'tis bright and beautiful—it floats
Alone in God's horizon—on its edge
The stars seem hung like pearls—it looks as pure
As 'twere an angel's shroud—the white cymar
Of Purity just peeping through its folds,
To give a pitying look on this sad world.

Go visit it, and find that all is false,
Its glories are but fog—and its white form
Is plighted to some coming thundergust.—
The rain, the wind, the lightning, have their source
In such bright meetings. Gaze not on the clouds
However beautiful—Gaze at the sky,
The clear, blue, tranquil, fix'd and glorious sky.

FROM THE UNITED STATES LITERARY GAZETTE.

REST.

Of blessings here to man assigned
I ask for Rest alone;
Of seeming joys that fill the mind
It is the rarest one.

The Statesman lets a life roll by
In contest still for place,
The mark of Envy's jaundiced eye
And calumny's embrace.

The Soldier steals his strong right arm
To pluck bright honour down,
And learns to seek in blood a charm,—
To win from Death renown.

The Seaman ploughs the stormy main,
Nor heeds the lowering sky,
Allured by sordid thirst of gain,
And reckless if they die.

The Lawyer wastes his days in courts,
And wrangles evermore
Mid subtle oils, and rude retorts,
And worthless legal lore.

The Merchant coldly files his mind
To calculating schemes;
But dreads the storm, and hears the wind
Still howling in his dreams.

The Poet muses all the day,
Nor even in night dispels
The cruel cares that cloud his way,
As dark reflection tells.

The Lover lives on fancied bliss
And glories in a smile;
Oh how immense! reward like this
For woman's faithless wile.

Away with all these idle hopes
Of honour, love, and gain;
Ambition with affection copes,
And darkens life with pain.

I ask for rest; for nought but rest;
Calm, undisturbed repose;
This, only this can make me blest;
Ah! this no mortal knows.

THE SLEEPER ON MARATHON.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I lay upon the solemn plain,
And by the funeral mound,
Where those who died not there in vain,
Their place of sleep hath found.
'Twas silent where the free blood gush'd,
When Persia came array'd,—
So many a voice had there been hush'd,
So many a footstep stay'd!

I slumber on the lonely spot,
So sanctified by Death!
I slumber'd—but my rest was not
As theirs who lay beneath.
For on my dreams, that shadowy hour,
They rose—the chainless Dead—
All arm'd they sprung, in joy, in power,
Up from their grassy bed.

I saw their spears on that red field,
Flash, as in time gone by!
Chased to the seas, without his shield,
I saw the Persian fly!
I woke—the sudden trumpet's blast
Call'd to another fight:—
From visions of our glorious past,
Who doth not wake in might?

BEAUTY.

Beauty, thou art, in truth, a fleeting thing
That winters like the early flow'r of spring;
A thing that paints the cheek of youth a while,
And plays and dimples in its rosy smile;
Laughs in its eyes, and makes those eyes impart
Each tender feeling that plays round the heart;
A thing that comes, and moves before the sight—
Flames for a moment ere 'tis quench'd in night.
Although so brief—so soon you flit away—
Man yields to thee unlimitable sway;
The heart whose steel-clad soul hath scorned to shake
At the dread rack, or more infernal stake,
Nor weakly breath'd one agonizing sigh
In its last pang of bursting agony,
Has melted at thy look of tenderness—
Strong in all else, and only weak in this.

The lightning of thy eye—the brilliant flame
That blazes in thy glance—can sooth, can tame,
Infuriated passion—almost can
Transfer the fearful monster into man;
Assuage the inward warring in his breast,
And lull his dark and stormy soul to rest;
And thy gay smile, and thy soft accents sweet,
Lay him, calm and submissive, at thy feet.

The grim savage—whose wild untutor'd eye
Ne'er scann'd thy form of winning witchery—
From the dark ambush, where he watch'd for prey,
Has seen thee fearless, unconcerned, stray;
And, at the sight amazed, the arrow dropt
From that unerring hand whose power had stopt—
Which even now, had it possess'd the will,
Had not the strength which it requir'd to kill.

Yet thou art nothing but an evening flow'r,
That cannot bear the sun's meridian pow'r—
A thing of air that vanishes away,
Like boreal lights at the approach of day—
A youthful vision, and as gay and bright
As Fancy's day-dream, form'd with fond delight—
A brilliant *love-toy*, which is only sought
When at a distance—when possess'd, forgot.

THE ARAB.

He treads the burning waste,
It is his native plain;
Yet never shall its sand be traced
By that bold foot again;
The Arab host no more shall greet him,
The Arab wife no more shall meet him.
He treads the burning waste,
With pride upon his brow;
Yet ere that pale is farther traced,
The daring will be low:
The sand he treads on will be o'er him,
His grave will be the earth that bore him.

The fatal winds arise,
The sandy columns join—
A monstrous chain! the earth and skies
Its massy links combine.
It comes in all the pomp of gloom,
And leaves no traces of his tomb.

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